

THE
UMPIRE;
BEING A
Serio-Comi-Critical DISSECTION
Of Three LEARNED and IMPORTANT
DISSERTATIONS
On the NATURE of
Englishmen and Scots,
Lately exhibited to the Public under the Titles of
OLD-ENGLAND ; the THISTLE, and
the ROSE.

By JEST and EARNEST, two *Independent-Electors.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for H. CARPENTER in *Fleetstreet.*

(Price One Shilling.)

U. M. P. I. R. E.

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Series of Critical Dissection

Of the Literature and Important

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THE
UMPIRE, &c.

JEST and EARNEST.

Jest.



AY, nay; if you needs must be
be in Passion I am gone.—
But if you will give the Man
a fair Hearing.

Earnest. I am composed.—

Well; what is it you would urge in his Fa-
vour?

Jest. Imprimis: His Title was a pretty
Invention; tho', by the Bye, I am not sure
but he had it of a Maid of Honour.—The
Rose!—was ever any thing better imagin'd
to couple with a *Thistle?*

Earn. The *Jakes* would have been the
apter Title for such a Sink of Scandal, Ill-

breeding and low Scurrility.—Fye! a Court-Writer, one that sets up for a Reformer, to descend lower than the loudest of our *Billingsgate* Nymphs!

Jest. Prejudice, old Numps; rank Prejudice to his naked Title;—had he added an Epithet, you would have been better reconciled to his *Rose*.

Earn. Had he added Argument and good Manners to it, it needed none to recommend it to all Men of Candour and Sense.

Jest. Had the Man had the Wit to have cloathed his *Rose* in *White*, or kept it up till *June*, 'tis Ten to One but you had thrust it into the late Catalogue of *Toasts*.

Earn. 'Tis Ten to One but your Itch of Meddling, will, one Time or other, bring you into Disgrace with your Company.

Jest. And no less probable that I shall be tempted to bring such Company before their *Betters*.

Earn. Prithee, no more of that odious Subject; it won't bear a Discussion at present;—hereafter it may—

Jest. When you are in no Danger of burning your Fingers with it;—ha! old Cautious! dost think I don't know what Stuff thou art made on.—An odious Subject! and it won't bear a Discussion at present! ha ha!—Lord! how you queer, cunning Mortals love to deal in Quibble and Evasion.—Now here am I, that laugh in Folk's Faces,
call

call Men and Things by their right Names, and never mince the Matter, but tell Men their own when they exceed the Bounds of——

Earn. Hold, Mr. *Jest*. It may be safer for you to speak bold Truths than for me to hear them. We live in an Age of Fraud and Suspicion, when Caution and Circumspection, even in the most joyous and unbended Hours, are become necessary.

Jest. And such may Frankness and Sincerity ever be thought among Friends.—Mr. *Earnest*, you and I have been long acquainted; and tho' we differ'd sometimes in our Opinions of Men and Measures, we constantly agreed in having a thorough good One of each other. I always took you for as honest, well-meaning an old Gentleman as any in the Nation, tho' a Snarler and a *Timon*; and I flatter myself that you took me to be a no less sincere honest, tho' a loud, volatile, jocular a Mortal as you would wish to turn the Edge of a Debate, when Patriots and Courtiers over-act their Parts, and rub one another into a Flame at St. *Stephen's*.

Earn. *Patriots* and *Courtiers*! — dear *Jest*, pronounce the Words no more if you would wish I should keep my Temper.

Jest. Hey-day! not pronounce Words as innocent and unmeaning as any in our Language?

Earn.

Earn. My Aversion arises from their conveying no determinate Idea. At present they are vague and unmeaning Sounds.

Jest. Were they ever more significant in this little *England* of ours? I have been hearing of them ever since I can remember, and I will be sworn I never knew any Meaning they had.

Earn. Yes: In the last Age, *Patriots* were true *Guardians*, and *Courtiers* true *Englishmen*.

Jest. I remember of old you bore no great Veneration to *Courtiers*, but thought you had idolized *Patriots*.

Earn. *Patriots*, in those happier Days, were a tough, firm, plain, honest Generation, who had no Views to Places, Pensions or Titles, nor to ought but to the Freedom and Happiness of the Society: And *Courtiers* then, tho' subject to royal Frowns, would sooner have incurr'd them, than concurred in Measures that tended to impoverish and enslave the Subject. But, my dear Friend, what are modern *Patriots*?—

Jest. As like modern *Courtiers* as two Guineas.

Earn. Alike in Value, you mean, tho' of different Stamps.

Jest. The intrinsic Worth of both is the same.

Earn. It was not always such. But since a late Minister has reduced Corruption to a Science,

Science, the *Patriot* assumes the sacred Title but to become *Courtier*, and this last commences *Patriot* again as soon as he is thrust out by some new-come *Opponent*, whom the Credulity of the Public had raised up to a Size capable of clogging the Wheels of the Court. — Thus are these Appellations, tho' different in Sound, synonymous in Sense.

Jest. Will you admit of no Exception ? What think you of that honest *Scot* —

Earn. Who, the *Secretary*, who has not his *Pareil* in Story ?

Jest. No: I mean One of quite another Name and Family, the honest Mr. *Thistle*, whom the slovenly Author of the naked *Rose*, has thought proper to dubb a *Jacobite* for audaciously daring to vindicate his Countrymen during a Suspension of the * *Habeas Corpus* Act.

Earn. Had you dipp'd a few Lines lower into your Hero's Lucubration, you would have found him rising in his Demands upon poor Mr. *Thistle*, and arraigning him of † *Treason* as well as *Jacobitism*.

Jest. Nay, faith ! if the Ministerial Writers go on at this Rate, I know not what Man can venture vindicating either himself, his Friend or his Country, in Prose or Verse.

Earn. Verse ! that it was that made the gall'd Horse to winch. Had not *Thistle* confederated

confederated with the Muses, 'tis probable he would have escaped M——l Notice.

Jest. Rather if his Censurer had not confederated with the T——y, the Champion *Scot* had remain'd uncensured. What M——l *Swiss* could withstand the Allurements of a *Brace of Hundreds*? And who would not call hard Names that is well paid for his Ink? I don't doubt but the same Gall will soon be liberally bestow'd on you and me for keeping honest Company of late. I expect another *Rose* on the Malignancy of drinking to the Health of *all who dare be honest*.

Earn. Again, I say, let us drop the Subject of our last *annual Meeting*. There are more *W——ms* and *M——ys* in the M——l Sleeve——

Jest. Where a frightful Troop of your *Innuendo Men* take their Stand too, and watch the M——l Nod.

Earn. To explain any Man's Words into whatever seditious or treasonable Meaning their Paymasters shall judge for their Purpose.—See how adroitly your *Innuendo-Chap*, the *Rose*, has construed all the well-known Fact, alledged by the *Thistle* in Vindication of his Countrymen, into Sedition?

Jest. So have I seen an Ape answer a First-Rate Writer, by tearing his Works to Pieces.

Earn.

Earn. I can tell you the Nation swarms at present with such M——l Apes ; and I am not sure but this harmless Conversation of ours would be tortur'd into Sedition, had any of them been by.

Jest. What would you think of putting their own Arts in Practice on these M——l Drudges, and oblige themselves to explain their own Works into that seditious Meaning they would impute to others ?

Earn. I should like the Scheme could it be executed. The Pleasure would be exquisite to see R——s hang one another——

Jest. To see them hang themselves would be more singular ; and that is my Plan, which will execute itself, if you will join in issuing out a Warrant for bringing the Delinquents *Coram nobis*.

Earn. Thou art a capricious Creature, eternally seeking after Adventures no less hazardous than singular. But for once you shall have your Way. Who are those to be summoned ; *Aretine*, I suppose, and the *Rose* ?

Jest. And honest *Thistle*, to put the Delinquents to the Blush——

Earn. Blush ! When did you know M——rs, or their Engines, change Colour, unless it was to turn pale when they could not satiate their Malice and Resentment ? But I suppose you would confront *Thistle*

B

with

with these Rebels to Decency and good Sense ?

Jest. *A La Moderne.* Why should not we be observant of the Modes of our Betters ?

Earn. And yet, my Friend, this Mode of Confrontation is not so well suited to the inherent Freedom of *Englishmen*, as might be expected. It favours too strongly of foreign Inventions.

Jest. *Englishmen!* Lord, how fond are you tenacious, old Men of certain Sounds you were taught to love in your younger Days. How comes it that you have contracted so strong an Aversion to the Words *Patriots* and *Courtiers*, and continue in Charity with that of *Englishmen* ?

Earn. Because I hope there are *Englishmen* that dare be honest even in this venal Age.

Jest. I can answer for a Couple that have never varied. But, my virtuous Friend, what was your Opinion of the Degeneracy of our Countrymen, when, on a late Occasion, we saw *Man's Liver* sold about in Cuts, and publicly broil'd and devour'd ?

Earn. Oh, dear *Jest!* draw a Veil over the barbarous Inhumanity of modern *Englishmen*.

Jest. I thought I should bring you to your Distinctions at last.—Modern *Englishmen!* ha ha! so I suppose we shall have you

you love them as little as you do modern Patriots or Courtiers.

Earn. Hate them as much, you mean. If the World does not mend quickly, I believe I shall hate Mankind in general.

Jest. For what Reason ?

Earn. Because the Race of Man in general is depraved.

Jest. My Eyes, I think, are as open as yours, and yet I can't see that any Nation is so degenerated as you suggest, except our own. Look round, and behold how all the Nations of *Europe* are busy in their own Affairs solely, while we alone busy ourselves wholly in the Affairs of others, and neglect our own. See how busily we have been beggaring ourselves for a long Series of Time, in support of Princes, who, all the while, were minding their own Affairs. See how anxious we are to relieve all the foreign Protestant Beggars of *Europe*, while most of our own at Home are starving for Want. I beg, Sir, therefore, you will not hate the whole for the Corruption of part of your Species. For any thing I can learn, the ancient *Gauls* and modern *French*, the old *Celtiberians* and modern *Spaniards*, the *quondam Batavians* and modern *Dutch*, are the same in Humour, Inclination, Passions, Virtues and Vices. The Change is only visible among modern *Englishmen*, who seem to have swerved in all Things

from their Ancestors, either *British, Roman, Saxon, or Norman*. I could quote some very apt Verses in Proof of my Assertion, if I did not dread the Lash of some M——l *Rose*; but not that of his Pen so much as his M——r's Wax.

Earn. I find you can be circumspect, laconick as you are, as well as the more grave and serious.

Jest. The keeping such cautious Chaps as you company so long, has added to my Prudence.

Earn. Ha ha! evasive Rogue! you would fain hide your Dread of another W——ms, tho' it be visible as Day.

Jest. Of another *Rose*, you mean, as the more noxious Animal of the two. The first, as a common J—f—r, can do no more Harm than M——y, being mark'd, and consequently detested as well as distinguish'd by the Crowd: But the other may work still under Ground, like the Mole, and fling up the Dirt of Slavery into the Subjects Eyes.—See how the M——l Tool sets out with advising a Restraint of the Press. * ' But it may, some time or other, ' tho' I hope not in our Days, become a ' Question whether the *Patience* of a Government, however tender it may be of ' the Laws, may not be provoked to stretch ' Power as far as the Sons of Sedition overstrain Liberty.' *Earn.*

* *Rose*, Page 1.

Earn. *The Patience of the Government may be provoked to stretch Power !—Give me Patience, good Heaven ! well may you have said that we are the only People in Europe that have undergone a visible Change, when such a Forger of Chains as this shall not only be tolerated, but indulged among us.—With him, a Man is the Son of Sedition who raises his Arm in his own Defence. He who attempts to vindicate the Rights of the Subject, over-strains Liberty.—Whata Doctrine is here attempted to be propagated among a People that boast of Freedom and have paid dear for it !*

Jest. Let me see—*Liberty* and *Religion*, by a modest Computation, must have stood the Nation full *Four hundred Millions* within the last half Century. Now I wonder, if an Auction were made of both, what they would sell for.

Earn. For as much as they are worth, which is little enough, God knows, as both Species of *Ministers* have acted their Parts.

Jest. Those of the Gospel, you mean, have nibbled no less at *Religion*, than they of the State at *Liberty*.

Earn. I wish they had left both as they found them. I never knew any Good come of Botching.

Jest. Yet Mr. *Rose* is very angry at the honest Scot for suggesting *that we had not gain'd*

gain'd by the Quackery of our State-Physicians for many Years pass'd.—And for this so supportable a Suggestion, poor *Thistle* is said, * 'to raise the Banner, and sound the 'Trumpet of Treason.'

Earn. Thus these venal Writers lay about them with the Ministerial Flail, put into their Hands by their Paymasters, to fright honest Men from the Freedom they were born to.

Jest. My Fingers itch to be at this same M——l Bully-back. Prithee, let us adjourn to our Council-Chamber and examine, cross-examine, confront, sooth, bully and intimidate according to modern Practice. 'Tis Tea to One but we make the Rogue squeak if we go thro' the Weapons *secundum artem*. And if we once can get the Halter over his Head, my Life for it, we soon twist him into an E——e.

Earn. I like not *Craft* where Life or Liberty is at Stake——

Jest. 'Pshaw! what signifies what such old, plain, home-spun Putts as you like, if the gay and modish be in Humour? Don't you see that a Man is deem'd the better E——e for having the Ends of the Rope about his Neck held by the two S——s of S——, or their Deputies?

Earn. Does the Law countenance E——e so influenced?

Jest.

Jest. Law!—Does the Gospel countenance wh—g? what signifies what your Law does or does not countenance when the Purpose of a M——y is to be answered?

Earn. As much as to say that a M——y are above the Law.

Jest. Who doubts it? May not a Man be said to be above that, which he can twist and mould to his Will? I warrant you are so old-fashioned as to think that the G——! Law is above the *Teachers* of it; yet, pray, if this subtle Gentry expound, and explain it into a thousand various Senses, or rather into as many as there are Expounders, is not the Superiority visible?

Earn. You distinguish, it seems, between the *Teachers* and *Practicers* of the Gospel Law?

Jest. Most certainly; and for the very best Reason in the World, because I know none of the *Latter*; and Truth, you know, forbids attacking unknown Characters.

Earn. Unknown Characters, *Jest!*

Jest. Yes: Good Livers and Patriots are equally scarce in our *Israel*.

Earn. Censorious Rogue! you forget a right rev——d Bench ——

Jest. No, nor the whole H——e where it lies—nor eke the K——r, of the K——'s C———e. —But mum for that

—tho' there be but very few, that Practice the Gospel Law ; the Land swarms with Practicers of the Common Law.—

Earn. Whom you would avoid.—

Jest. As carefully as a Spendthrift, would a Bumbailiff. Go hear a Cause. where the C——n is concerned, and see how they stretch and twist the Catgut.

Earn. I suppose, as Moderns do the Conscience, to serve the vile Purposes of Power.—

Jest. Of *Self-interest*, you might say. That is the Magnet which attracts, at Present, the Minds of the whole Nation. The Preacher, the Pleader, the Soldier, the Statesman, all, all bow to that Idol, except a few such honest self-denying antique Fellows as you and I, who retain some Sense of what we owe to our Ancestors, and what is due from us to Posterity.

Earn. Our Fathers left us Liberty and Wealth.

Jest. Which we are like to return to our Children in Slavery, and Poverty.

Earn. In truth, Mr. *Jest*, the Prospect is Gloomy. But we will hope.

Jest. In the *Virtue* of our Statesmen, or *Wisdom*—which Twig, will you chuse to hold by?—or would you rather lean to the *Piety* of our Churchmen, and *honesty* of our Lawyers. Ha, ha!

Earn. Weak Props, I fear, to rest on in the Age we live in.

Jest.

Jest. On what other then did you propose to build your *Hopes*? Sure I am we must have recourse to foreign Aid, if you rely on neither our Statesmen, Churchmen, nor Lawyers for a Transmission to Posterity of that Freedom and Wealth handed to us by our Fathers.—Perhaps you build on the Friendship and Probity of our good Allies the *Dutch*.

Earn. As much as on the good Faith of *France*.—The Probity and Friendship of a *Dutchman*—

Jest. Are of equal Value, you think, with the Sobriety of a *German*, the Politeness of a *Swiss*, or the *Lenity* of an *Englishman*, your dear Countryman.

Earn. I disclaim him—

Jest. As the *Scots* do the *Secretary*.—But cry Mercy, you are no *Englishman* tho' a *Briton*.

Earn. An ancient *Briton*, you might say, Mr. *Jest*; the Distinction would have been pertinent and becoming.

Jest. All the *Welch*, to be sure, are Heroes and Demi-gods. Ha ha!

Earn. They are honest.

Jest. So were the *English* in the last Century.

Earn. Here again ought you to have distinguished. About the Middle of it they chopp'd off the Head of the Anointed, and towards the End was the Massacre of *G—o*,

and the Destruction of the Settlement at *Darien*.

Jest. See how the dexterous Mr. *Rose* quibbles upon these Points in his Answer to the *Thistle*.

Earn. See rather how he daringly attacks the Honour of our Deliverer, King *William*.
* 'The *Thistle*, says he, displays his Throat
' against the Affair of *Glenco*, in which it
' does not appear that one *English* Minister
' was concerned.'—If no *English* Minister
was concerned in that Massacre, 'tis evident
this poisonous Pen would fix the Odium of
it on the Prince.

Jest. Yet this is that modest, consistent
Writer who charges the *Thistle* with
† 'writing so audacious a Libel against the
' *Revolution*.'—It would seem then that
vindicating the *Scotch* Nation, which was
the sole Object of the *Thistle*, was a greater
Libel on the *Revolution*, than imputing the
Massacre of *Glenco* to the Prince, who
schem'd and perfected it at the Hazard of his
Person.

Earn. He is not less inconsistent, nor un-
just to his own Countrymen in his Justifica-
tion of them in the Affair of *Darien*.
‡ 'The Affair of *Darien*, which Mr. *Thistle*
' has impertinently brought in, was owing
' to the Over-hastiness of the *Scots*; who,
' by possessing that Isthmus, might not only
' have

' have injured English Commerce, but endangered the common Liberties of Europe, &c.'

Jest. Here is one of those modern *Expounders* of the Gospel Law who subtilize, refine and mould it to their own Convenience.—The Law directs *the doing as we would wish others should do by us*; but Mr. *Rose* justifies his Countrymen in their Injustice in the Affair of *Darien*, by saying, *that by the Scots possessing that Isthmus the English Trade might be injured.*

Earn. A clumsy Dolt! to offer himself a Champion for *Englishmen*, and yet libel them more in his Vindication of them, than the *Thistle* who charged them with Injustice!—The Settlement of Fellow-Subjects, must be destroyed to the utter Ruin of thousands,—*lest the English Trade might be injured.* A most conscientious Reason for distressing one's Neighbour, I must confess.

Jest. 'Tis a convenient Reason, that which you *Britons* observe more than the conscientious.

Earn. Again you will mention *Britons* without distinguishing —

Jest. And what Advantage do you propose from the Distinction? The ancient *Britons* were honest, you say; and so were the ancient *Saxons* and *Normans*, the Ancestors of the present *English*. But what of that?

You will readily agree the latter are degenerated —

Earn. Most of any Nation in *Europe*. Shew me one good Quality they retain for which their blunt, honest *Saxon* Ancestors were famed.

Jest. They retain the *Guzzling* of their Fathers; and I hope you will allow that to be a good Quality, which helps on the public Blessings of *Consumption* and *Increase* of the Revenue.—But pray, Mr. *Taffy*, which of the conspicuous Virtues of the ancient *Britons* do the modern *Welch* retain?—I thought I should take down your Pride at last.—What; not a Word in behalf of your choleric Nation? Your Silence, my Friend, is an Instance of your good Sense, for which you deserve Applause.—There may be here and there a good Man among the *Welch*, as there are among the *English*; but the former, as the latter, are vilely degenerated, equally venal, corrupt, and immoral.

Earn. How could it be otherwise, when the *English*, with all their Vices, came to be grafted upon our *British* Stocks—

Jest. *British* Fiddles! prithee, no more of your *Stocks* upon which so many different Exoticks have been grafted. What are your whole People but an Ingraftment of all the Nations of the Earth?

Earn. You are afraid of a Lash from the *Rose*, or, instead of *Ingraftment*, you would

would have said the *Dregs* of all the Earth.

Jest. A Man had need be in Awe of a Writer, who observes no Law but that of Convenience, and loses Sight of *Truth*, tho' it stare him full in the Face, to attack his Antagonist with the poisoned Weapon of *Falshood*. See his Attack upon the *Thistle* for arrogating to himself the Honour of the *Poetry* with which he interlards his Work. * 'You have not ventured to quote your Authority; but have been humble enough to attempt to leave the Public in a Belief that yourself are the Author of the matchless Verse, &c.'—Would not one believe, after so round an Affirmation as this, that the *Thistle* had owned no Kind of Obligation for the Poetry he publishes? After this, could a Man believe his own Eyes that should read the following Words come from the Pen he asperges? † 'But first hear it (*English Generosity*) described by an Author quoted already more than once.'

Earn. Did the frontless Oaf think to bring a Stupor upon all the Readers of the *Thistle*, by calling him an *Incendiary* and a *Jacobite*?

Jest. Epithets constantly bestowed by the M——l Hacks on all who dare examine the Conduct of their Pay-Masters——

Earn.

* *Rose*, Pag. 28. † *Thistle*, Pag. 15 & 16.

Earn. And as constantly retorted back on the injudicious Bestowers by all Men of Discernment. This very Bully, so liberal of such Epithets to the *Thistle*, is himself the most confirmed *Jacobite* and *Incendiary* that ever foul'd Paper. I have already proved *Jacobitism* upon him, by exposing his virulent and insolent Attempt to fix the whole Odium of the Affair of *Glenco* on the great and pious *Deliverer* of these Nations : to prove him an *Incendiary* I need only quote his own Words. He would persuade us that he wrote to reconcile the *Scotch* and *English*, and treats the Writers he pretends to answer, as *Incendiaries* for villifying and exposing the Foibles of both Nations. * ‘ Mr. ‘ *Thistle*’s raving Zeal improves the Advan- ‘ tages, which Mr. *Aretine*’s unguarded ‘ Scurrility gives him.—Mr. *Aretine* bellows ‘ out; that the *Scots* are extremely national, ‘ proud and poor, restless and over-bearing ‘ in their Temper, &c.’ But behold how he himself treats the *Scotch* Nation.

Jest. As his Countrymen do all the Nations of the Earth, that is, with Scorn and Contempt. Yes, Sir; *Aretine* treats the *Scots* as *Knaves*, and Mr. *Rose* paints them as Fools, or rather as Beasts.—† ‘ And ‘ the People are void of every Sentiment that ‘ distinguishes human from brute Nature, or ‘ Reason

* Pag. 12.

† Pag. 42.

‘ Reason from Instinct.’ *Utrum horum magis accipe.*

Earn. Incurigible Coxcomb!

Jest. You mistake the Man’s Character exceedingly. He has not err’d thro’ Want of Judgment; he err’d not by Chance so much as by Choice. The Privileges of the *Scots* were intended to be taken away, and to give the better Colour to the Attack, the whole People were to be stigmatized, and driven to some unwarranted Acts of Resentment. With this View, Master *Aretine* was let loose upon the Nation, who treated them indiscriminately as Knaves, Villains, and Beggars. But this Mine not springing immediately, as designed, a second Train is laid by the Pen of Mr. *Rose*, who would pass for a Reconciler, and he endeavours to rouse them to Acts of Sedition, by setting them on a Level with the Brute Creation.

Earn. Well might he have said of *Aretine*, that * ‘ were the most ingenious Jesuit to ‘ hammer for Thoughts to serve the Religion ‘ and Politics he espouses, he might indeed ‘ put them in cleaner Language, but he could ‘ chuse none more proper at this Juncture, ‘ for exasperating the doubtful Part of that ‘ People into Disloyalty,’ &c.

Jest. Rather might it be said of himself, who is much the closer Juggler of the two. For there are very few so humble as not
rather

rather be deem'd Foxes than Asses. Therefore might he hope, that a Nation so famed for understanding as the *Scots*, would be more exasperated at being call'd Fools, than Knaves.—But on second Thoughts, I begin to be better reconciled to Master *Rose's* Epithets. In calling the *Scots* Fools, wherein does he exaggerate? does not their late Conduct, prove them the veriest Milk-sops in *Europe*? among infinite Examples I could bring, shall trouble you but with one, to prove Mr. *Rose's* Discription of them true, viz. *That they are void of every Sentiment that distinguishes Human, from Brute Nature, or Reason from Instinct.*—Nay, nay; screw not up that rich Nose of thine; if I don't convince you, in this single Instance, and it is of a private Nature too, that the *Scots* are a parcel of Loggerheads, I will be content to pass for one myself, as long as I breathe.

Earn. Mr. *Jest*, you know I am no Stranger to your Self-sufficiency.

Jest. Nor I, Mr. *Graveairs*, to your Prejudice in favour of a People, whom I have heard you often envy, for the Superiority of their Address and Understanding.

Earn. I shall think nothing impossible to you; I shall think you capable of Squaring the Circle, if you can bring Evidence of *Scotch* Weakness, where the national Interest was concern'd.

Jest.

Jest. You will admit, that *Self-interest* is at least as dear to Mortals, as the *National*.

Earn. I deny it was so in *Old Rome*, *Athens*, or *Sparta*.——

Jest. But in our *Old England*, I hope you won't deny my Proposition?

Earn. I can't, for which I am heartily sorry.

Jest. Sorry for a People, that feel no Sorrow for themselves! not I, faith! e'en let them sink and be d—d; since they won't help themselves. They complain of being undone by the *Venality*, and *Corruption* of their R——s, and this Complaint has been constant, for thirty Years past, yet when they have it in their Power to restore *Virtue*, and put *Corruption* to the Blush, they return to the Vomit themselves, are corrupted, make a new Choice of the *Corrupters*, and jogg on again for seven Years longer, under the Weight of their Burthen, and with the same dismal Tone of Complaint.

Earn. I own the *Credulity* of my Fellow-Subjects, and blush for their Weakness. They have had it often in their Power to secure *Happiness* to themselves, and to *Posterity*; but alas, they had not the *Grace*, to withstand the Power of the *Tempter*. Or to use *Mr Thistle's* Words, of the *Scots*, who, he says, were bribed into the *Union*;
* ' They were tempted, and they yielded to

D

' the

‘ the Temptation ; but whom the most
 ‘ culpable, the seduced *Eve*, or the *Arch-*
 ‘ *Seducer* ?’

Jest. A lame Excuse for your Favourite
Scots. If the *Union* was a Measure, tend-
 ing to the Welfare of their Country, they
 ought to have embraced it, without Fee or
 Reward ; but was it not, nothing should have
 induced them to come into it. In like Man-
 ner, if there was no wrong done, by the
 R———s of the People, there ought to
 have been no Complaint ; but if there was
 room for suspecting them of Corruption,
 why where they indentured a new ? in short,
 my Friend, your dear Conntrymen, are a
 Parcel of Sots, that see no further than the
 Nose, and consult no Time, but the Pre-
 sent : and even your Favourite *Scots*, are
 little better.

Earn. Already are you prevaricating.
 Remember, you are to prove the Folly of
 the *Scots*, on Mr. *Rose*’s Principles, who
 strips them of Rationality.

Jest. Mr. *Thistle* has partly done the
 Work to my Hand. * ‘ But, says he, let
 ‘ us gratefully place the Success (of *Culloden*)
 ‘ to the proper Account, to that of *Scotch-*
 ‘ *men*, who little thought, in over-reaching
 ‘ and vanquishing the Young Pretender, to
 ‘ be furnishing fresh Means to their natural
 ‘ Contemners, for curtailing the few Privi-
 ‘ leges, preserved to them by the *Union*.’

Earn.

Earn. This *Union* so fills your Head, that there is scarce Room for any thing else. But as the Bill, lately brought in P——t, promises, in the Preamble, to render it more *Complete*; 'tis to be hoped we shall never more hear you grumble about it.

Jest. Bills in Parliament and their *Preambles*, are things I have no great Stomach to meddle with, therefore you will excuse me, if I let the *Scots* themselves, have the sole Honour of the Discussion of this knotty Point. When we confront the Delinquents, under our Consideration, probably we shall hear some new Reasons offer'd against the Bill, which have not occur'd to its Advocate the *Rose*. But in the mean while, allow me to put you in Mind, that *Preambles* and Bills are not always conformable, any more than Books and their Titles. For instance, what relation is there between Mr. *Rose's* Front and his Tail? one would naturally expect a smooth, connected, polite Discourse, from one that chuses a sweet-smelling *Rose* for his Ensign: yet shield me fair *Clio*! what a harsh, evasive, unsupported Rhapsody, has been here usher'd to the Public, under its Banner!—But I detain you too long from the private Instance, I promis'd you, of *Scotch* Folly. A certain childless, great Man of *Scotland*, is thought to be no Enemy to the Bill, which Promises to compleat the *Union*, and in this, he would not be less a Friend to

the C—t than to himself, because the Value set upon the *Privileges* to be taken from him, would necessarily run very high, and help to make ample Provision for the *Fruits* of secret, leisure Hours. But has not the *Heir expectant* been cutting the Grass under his own Feet all the while he was hunting a young *Elk* of high Courage and Expectation ?

Jest. How delicately you touch the Subject ! you trip it as gently as if you were walking over Fairy-Ground.

Jest. Experience, my old Friend, is the Mother of Wisdom. How many pretty Fellows have you and I seen that had been hunted down by certain *Greybounds* for only speaking Truth a little too bluntly ? See how wise the Age is grown to what it was in your younger Days and mine, by our Kinsman, of the *Haymarket's* new-invented Advertisements ? Being a Man of Fortune, that is of *Address*, he invites all the Town to Breakfast, and treats them splendidly at their own Expence, tho' he pays all the Reckoning.—Well push'd, my little Coz. I hope the Singularity of his Conduct will gain him as much Cash, as if he were within a *Foot* as tall as B—y.

Earn. Was he Half a Foot shorter than G——k, if he have *Address* and is *singular*, he will do his Business among a People that hunt as eagerly after *Novelty* and *Singularity*,

as you and I do after private Honesty and public Virtue.

Jest. We have had a long Chace, of it my Friend.—

Earn. We have so, and I am sorry for it, to very little Purpose. But——

Jest. What?—always with your *Buts* and *Hopes*; and pray how much fatter are you for your *butting* and *hoping* ever since you were in Petticoats?—Let me see, I think you are now within a Cock's Tread of your grand Climacterick——

Earn. I am pretty close upon Threescore.—

Jest. And what have your *Hopes* availed you in all that long Period of Time? You have *hoped* the People would grow better, but they are grown worse; and you *hoped* they would grow wiser, but they are grown Fools.

Jarn. In truth, Mr. *Jest*, they are not much better——

Jest. And yet you are Dolt enough to go on still *hoping* they will become virtuous and wise.

Earn. A Man can't help *hoping* that to happen, which he earnestly wishes—Things may change——

Jest. Yes! and Seasons too, but expect no Change for all that, for the better, in a venal, corrupt, immoral Generation, immers'd in Luxury, and regardless of Posterity. There
may

may be a Change of Ministry, but what of that? Can you pick out any M——rs who will rather consult the Good of the Community, than court the Smiles of the P——e? Perhaps you may *hope* that a new Generation of *Patriots* will spring up, all of a Night, like Mushrooms, or the armed Bands of *Cadmus*.

Earn. No, no; I have done with *English Patriots* ever since P——y, P——t, and S———e have deceived me, or rather have deceived themselves; for their Deception will come Home to them at last.

Jest. The D——l take the hindmost, say the *Patriots*. What do they care what becomes of the Nation if they bask in the Sunshine of the Court? What care they for Reputation if they acquire Titles, Ribbands and Riches? And who among them troubles his Noddle about Posterity and Futurity, if he can riot at present?—Prithee, old Numps, grow more modern, be as heedless and fashionable as the best of them, swim with the Crowd, leave off *Hoping*, and be wise.

Earn. Be honest, say I, and hope for ever——

Jest. Ay, and starve for ever, and be disappointed for ever.—If you are once known to be *honest*, the D——la Soul will keep you Company from *Hyde-Park-Corner* to *Black-wall*——

Earn. But surely a Man may *hope*——

Jest.

Jest. Not without being hooted at.—*Hope*, for what? for a Reformation, because the *Dutch* have got a *Stadtholder*.

Earn. Why, Mr. *Jest*, that very Incident, which happens so luckily and critically, will, I hope——

Jest. Prolong the War, and run the Nation *Fifty Millions* more in Debt. What can *England* hope, from the Promotion of the P—— of O——, that can help her to pay her Debts, and extend her Trade? The Prince may induce the *Dutch* to act with more Vigour against *France*, but except he can strip her of *Prussia*, I fear she can never be stript of her Conquests and Power. And can you *hope* that so shrewd a Prince as the King of *Prussia* is deem'd to be, will so far forget his own Interest as to raise the House of *Austria* on the Ruins of that of *Bourbon*? Never while he is Possessor of *Silesia*.—As the Prince of O——e has the Honour of our Alliance, I am glad he is promoted to a Dignity attended with Lustre. The Word *Stadtholder* sounds well, and is a gay Feather in the Cap of the Consort of a great King's D——r. But for any Benefit the *Stadtholdership* will be to poor *England*, you may hope on, Mr. *Earnest*; but for my Part, I as much expect to reclaim Master *Rose* (whom we have ordered to attend us this Morning) as that *England* shall be a Gainer by the Continuance of the War, which

is

is the natural Consequence of the Promotion that causes such universal Joy at present.— Surely the War is not come Home, at last, to us.—Bless us! what a Rout is here at our Chamber-door! Pray, Mr. *Earnest*, see what the Matter is.

Earn. Ha ha! I always thought thee a Coward, because you swagger'd and savour'd so much of the Bully. Well, for once, I will be the younger Man, turn *Confectioner*, and preserve thee from the big Terrors that threaten you.—But see who have brought the loud War to our Door; *Aretine*, the *Thistle*, and the *Rose*. Gentlemen, you are welcome. Let me have the Honour of presenting you to my Colleague, Mr. *Jest*, whom you will find to be as impartial as *Minos*—

Jest. And as sententious as Mr. *Earnest*.— Come, Gentlemen (for as the learned Mr. *Rose* observes, Gentleman is a good travelling Name) proceed in your Defence. Our Time is but short, and if I be not mistaken, there is much dirty Work to go through. You, Mr. *Aretine*, what have you to offer in Mitigation of the heavy Charge brought against you by Mr. *Thistle*, who generously took up the Gauntlet in behalf of a whole Nation whom you had treated with unparallel'd Scurrility—

Thistle. With shameful Scurrility, Sir, and unprovoked, and undeserved—

Aretine.

Aretine. Perhaps not. If the *Scots* provok'd their *Betters*, and merited Chastisement, why might not I be permitted to hold out the Lash as well as another?

This. Their *Betters*! Pray, Sir, whom do you intend by their *Betters*?—

Jest. Mr. *Aretine*, or *Broad-bottom*, or if you will, *Old-England*, tho' any other Name would become you better. You hear the Question; I desire you will answer it directly.

Aret. *Betters*, Sir!—Why, Sir, their *Betters* are their *Betters*; and sure we *English* are the *Betters* of the *Scots* at all Times.—

Jest. And of all other Nations, I will be sworn, in their own Conceit.

Earn. The *English*, I am sorry for it, have the Weakness to despise other Nations—

Jest. Who as heartily despise them in their Turn.—But to the Point: How, on what Account, or in what Sense do you understand the *English* to excell the *Scots*, and excell them they must to be their *Betters*.

Earn. It won't be disputed that the *Scots*, as a Nation, are more ancient than the *English*. Their Nobility of course must be more ancient. I never knew any Superiority admitted on account of Valour, Wit, or Understanding; and as for Probity, Zeal, and Fidelity, I would recommend the *English* to drop the Competition. There has been lately

a *M*——y, and there may have been more of the Name: But —

Jest. One Swallow makes no Summer. I could produce a thousand *English* for one *Scots M*——y. No, no; as to Virtue Mr. *Aretine* had best let the Competition cease. But, indeed, if he will rest himself on that which inclines an *Englishman* to think himself above the rest of Mankind, he may prove the Victor—in the Opinion of his Countrymen at least.

Earn. You mean *Riches*.—

Jest. I do. Wealth is the Idol of an *Englishman*.—

Earn. Tho' no Man in the World shall abuse it more.—

Jest. That is, turn it to a worse Use. But you forget, that tho' he lavishes it more slovenly and unmeaningly than any other, yet he gratifies himself; and in Self-Gratification consists his Heaven.—

This. And his *Hell* too, I fear.

Jest. Near which, I suppose, you would fix the Residence of the blind Deity of *Riches*.

This. The Poets have described him lame too sometimes; and such he must have been in regard to the *Scots*.

Jest. And in regard to the *English*, if I mistake not, he wears those Wings which Bards clap to him when he is about leaving those

those that have made an ill Use of his Favours.

Earn. I fear, indeed, he is upon the Wing, and will soon leave us as poor as he found us.

Jest. How can it be otherwise, considering the Out-goings of the Nation to support a War on the Continent, which, if it succeeded, might be of some Use to *H——r*, but could be of none to *England*.——

Earn. But should it prove successful——

Jest. We must follow *Plutus* where he has been laying up his Stores ever since he has been withdrawing his Favours from this, his once favourite Isle. We must e'en jog on to *H——r*, where the God has erected his Magazines of late, and see if our *E——l* Brethren will as generously receive us, as we were lately inclined to receive them by a *general Law*.

Rose. When a good Subject hears a Reflection intended, it behoves him to stand up in Defence of injur'd Innocence. Mr. *Jest*, you know the *Naturalization Bill* is dropt.

Jest. For the present it may ; and Thanks to them who were the mediate Instruments of its Downfal. ——

Rose. Instruments ! Pray, Sir, explain yourself.

Jest. Who would be Fool then ? You are a Courtier, Mr. *Rose* ; and as such, are an *Innuendo Chap* of Course——

This. Ay, Sir; see how he has inverted my honest Meaning—

Aret. And mine, Sir, who had none in the World but to take down the *Man I hated*, and a Nation I despised.

Jest. A very honest Intention, truly! You abused Orator *Strix* because you hated him, and his Countrymen because you despised them.—Pray, my good conscientious Scribe, may I be so bold as to ask you, why you hate the one, and despise the other?

Aret. Perhaps I may have my Reasons, perhaps not. May not a Man, in a free Country, hate and despise as he thinks fit without being accountable—

Jest. But to his own Conscience—

Aret. Conscience! ha ha! What Commodity is that? If it come from the *East-Indies*, I fear it will be excessive scarce, now that the *French* have eased the Company of the Expence of their Settlements there.

Jest. Not at all; we shall have it imported from *Holland*, where it is as plenty as Loyalty, and as cheap as Religion.

Aret. Well, Sir; when Conscience comes to be the Mode with our Betters, I may purchase a Drachm of it to see how it would fit on my Stomach.

Jest. Oh! never fear; my Life, Conscience will never offend an *English* Stomach, which is the least squeamish of any in the World.

Rose.

Rose. Sir, you are pleased to make very free with a Nation that boasts of Integrity.—

Jest. And practice it just as much as you do Charity and Decency throughout your whole Book, but particularly in the following Lines. * ‘ That both of you are mean, mercenary Wretches writing for Bread, paid by the Sale of your Performances, encouraged by a desperate Faction, and yourselves desperately drawing the Pen for meagre Subsistence, is evident not only from the Matter, but from the Manner of your Writing.’

Aret. I think he might have distinguished, and not have sou’d me so in the Mire to carry on the Schemes of cunniger Men.

Jest. Ay ; however he might have thought proper to abuse Mr. *Thistle*, who certainly was not of his Party, or in his Secrets—

Aret. He might have spared his Friend—

Jest. And not have coupled him after so infamous a Manner—*mercenary Wretches writing for Bread*—

Aret. ‘Sdeath ! what Flesh and Blood can bear it—

Jest. Besides the Discredit it brings on all one’s Works to be so exposed—

Aret. I find it, Mr. *Jest.* For I will be sworn the Journal has sunk Three-hundred a Week, since I was put upon that damn’d Undertaking.—Nay, frown not at me so ; for, by this Light ! I will out with all your Tricks

Tricks, and won't be made a Scape-Goat of by the greatest of you all: And you, Mr. *Rose*, may turn Evidence against me if you will. I care not that—for either you or your Employers.

Jest. There spoke the Genius of *Old-England*.

Aret. I take Shame to myself for having hired out my *Journal* for the vile Purposes of designing Men.

Jest. Your Compunction speaks you a Man, of Honour and Sense, and will be not only an Attonement, but a Recommendation to the Public. As how, my honest, worthy Friend, were you led into the fatal Error? By *Craft* and *Gold*, I suppose, the constant Baits thrown out by M——rs and their Agents.

Aret. You have it, Sir. You have hit the very Nail——.

Jest. Which Mr. *Rose* strove to drive thro' your tender Conscience, which warped at last. But better late than never.

Aret. I hope so——

Jest. Or who would be at the Pains of sitting on the Stool of Remorse. Come, Sir, to render it the more complete, you will do well to publish the History of your Fall. We may suppose some certain Great Men had a View to the B I L L, which is now making its Way thro' the H——es of P ——t, and that they would increase the natural Prejudice

dice which the *English* are known to bear to all that are not *English*, in order to have it the better relished.

Aret. For this Purpose the *Scots* indiscriminately were to be villified and abused—

Jest. And Orator *Strix* was particularly to be punished——

Aret. For his Presumption in setting up Candidate for a Post of great Eminence in his Profession.

Earn. But, Mr. *Broadbottom*, you have suffered greater and more poignant Abuse of that Gentleman, in your *Journal*, since that indiscriminate Charge against the *Scots*.

Aret. 'Tis true. But you are to know that the two Papers you mean came from different Hands, and were intended for different Purposes. The first was wrote to promote the M——l Scheme of —— shortening the Line of the *Scots* Power ; it was a Prelude to Mr. *Rose*'s doughty Performance ; the first, in short, was of *English* Manufacture, the Second purely *Scot*. M——y, the S——y and E——ce, had given Offence to his whole Nation, a few excepted. Of these few was *Strix* supposed to be one—

Jest. *Strix* has a Brother too——

Earn. And they all have a Name-sake, little less odious to his Countrymen, or stigmatized, if Report be true, than M——y the S——y.

Jest.

Jest. Little less odious, say you? Ah, my Friend! say not that the Measure of the Latter is no fuller than that of the First. Vice rises naturally to a stupenduous Height as well as Virtue; and when it is got up to the Summit of the horrid Mount—

*Ob! whither? whither can those Guilty flee
From the devouring Worms that never die;
Those inward Stings that rack the Villain's
Breast,
Haunt his lone Hours, and break his tortur'd
Rest?*

*'Midst Caves, 'midst Rocks and Desarts he
may find*

*A safe Retreat from all the human Kind;
But to what distant Region can he run,
His greatest Enemy, Himself, to shun?
Where'er he roams, wild Anguish and Despair,
And black Remorse, attend with hideous Stare,
Tear his distracted Soul with Torments fell;
His Passions Devils, and his Bosom Hell.*

Earn. A tremendous Sound! Let your Poetry end there, unless you would relieve the S——y from that dark, loathsome Abode, and place him in the Mansion of Bliss.

Jest. I'll do it in the Twinkling of an Eye:—

*If Crimes like his hereafter are forgiven,
J——s and M——y, both, may go to Heav'n.*

Earn.

Earn. The S——y is much oblig'd to you for coupling him with the Treasurer.

Jest. Was he not Treasurer as well as S——y? And if *Fame*, with her *Centilingua*, fib not, the Treasurer told his late Master's *French Gold* o'er a *Scotch Gridiron*.

Thif. I can assure your Honour, the Gridiron was of *English* Fabrick.

Earn. I believe it, Mr. *Thistle*, of right *W—lp—n* Mettle.

Jest. Nay, for that Matter, as much as I esteem the *Scots* for some certain good Qualities with which the *English* have little or no Acquaintance, I cannot altogether absolve them of being light-finger'd, and having their Gridirons too as well as their Neighbours. I can see Perfection in a Foe, and a Fault in a Friend; but you, Mr. *Aretine* and Mr. *Thistle*, seem to see but on one Side of the Picture.

Aret. You forget, Sir, that the Picture produced in my Paper, was not of my drawing. I father'd it, 'tis true, and I was well paid for taking upon me the Office of Foster-father; but how should it be otherwise, when I had my Wages from the biggest Bank in the Nation. Say, Mr. *Rose*, if the first *Cashier* be not a most munificent Dispenser when a Job's in Hand.

Rose. Sir, he is an honourable Gentleman.

Jest. Or to be sure, you had not been of his Retinue.

Rose. Sir, I would scorn to serve but Men of Honour, and would embark but in honourable Causes.

Jest. I can say little of the Honour of your Paymasters, because I have had no Dealings with them, and never shall, I suppose, because they don't think me fashion'd for their Purpose : But really, Mr. *Rose* I am not so clear, that you always dabble in fair Water. For instance : You yourself, or your honourable Employers, have begot a squalling Brat, whom you sent to *Aretine* to nurse ; and tho' you could not but know that his Outcries would draw the Attention of a whole Nation on his supposed Father, you ventured to increase a Contest which you now pretend to wish at an End ; or, to speak plainer, your Employers had a View to humbling the *Scots*, and for that Purpose had projected a Bill likely to answer the End proposed. It is thought proper, on this Occasion, to let loose the Fiend of Dissention, and *Aretine's* Journal is pitch'd on for the Vehicle. You knew that this foul Picture of the *Scots* would naturally draw a simular Portrait of those who must be supposed to be the Promoters of it. Yet when this provoked Answer comes forth, you pretend to take fire as if you had never expected, nor given room for some such Production,

Aret. He falls upon us indiscriminately, as if he had thought me as guilty as Mr. *Thistle*, tho'

tho' in his own Conscience he knew my Paymasters were the same with his own.

Thif. Conscience ! did you ever know his Paymasters employ Men that had any ?

Rose. Sir, you take greater Liberties than becomes you with my Paymasters, as you call certain great Men, and with me.

Thif. As for your great Men, whomsoever they are, I have little to say ; and if I had, should be wiser than draw the Powerful on my Back, in a Season none of the most serene and favourable to my hapless Countrymen——

Aret. Yes, yes ; you played the Statesman towards the End of your Journey. * ‘ And
‘ it is a Satisfaction to me to think that the
‘ present Set of *Statesmen* at the Helm are as
‘ conspicuous for *Impartiality*, as for *Wis-*
‘ *dom* and *Integrity*, swerving in this Instance,
‘ from too many of their *English* Fellow-
‘ Subjects.’

Earn. Mr. *Thistle*, to do him Justice, wrote in regard to our whole Nation, no less justly and decently, than prudently in regard to Men in Power. ‘ If I mention, says he in the same
‘ Page, the *English* generally in my Descriptions, it is with no Intention to depreciate
‘ such of them as have the good Sense to be
‘ *unprejudiced* in regard to their *Scotch* Fellow-Subjects.’——What greater Attonement could any Man make to the *Wife* of our Na-

tion ; and as for the *Fools*, and all such must be so that are *prejudiced* against any People, especially Fellow-Subjects, it was to them, and to them alone to whom he held out the Lash most deservedly. This was writing with Judgment and Decency. But, Mr. *Rose*, can this be said of you ? I stand amazed that a Writer setting up for a public *Censor*, should write so unguardedly in Point of Decency, and let me add, of *Truth*.

Rose. Truth, Sir ?

This. Yes, Sir, *Truth*. Whoever saw that curious *Collection*, which you say the young Pretender ordered to be printed at his first coming to *Edinburgh* ? * ‘ Nay, when ‘ he came to *Edinburgh*, his first Care was ‘ there to reprint (which is in several People’s ‘ Hands) a whole *Collection*, in one Pamphlet, of the *best Things* that had been said ‘ against the late Ministers.’

Jest. This indeed is a Specimen of Mr. *Rose*’s Invention ; but had you dipp’d lower in the same Page, you would have found him soaring much higher. A Man may tell a distant Fib, as great Travellers often do, and hope not to be detected, or not soon at least ; but for one to tell a local *Bouncer*, and hope to gain Credit, requires no small Share of modest *Assurance*, as well as Invention. Now as for your *Collection* of *Bons Mots* at *Edinburgh*, what *London* Reader will be at the

* *Rose*, Pag. 6 & 7.

the Pains of examining the Fact ? But I dare say there are at least half a Million of Readers within the Bills of Mortality, that will vouch for the Fertility of Mr. *Rose's* inventive Faculty on examining his Scheme of a *Jacobite* Plot, set on foot here at *London* about some fourteen Months ago :

* While Matters were at this Crisis, it is notorious to every Man, who can remember what passed thirteen or fourteen Months ago, that the Whispers which are now spoken out in Print, began to run through all the Coffee-Houses in *London*. The Agents of Treason bounded their Ball from opposite Corners, while playing the same Game they mingled with the least Discerning and most Fiery of either Nation: With the *English*, the Cry was, *That all the Scots were Rebels in their Hearts ; that they were an ungrateful and perverse Generation, and that the Nation never could be happy while so many Scots were employed*. This Cry was taken up by indiscreet Zeal, and pursued to the greatest Length, &c.

The Game of those who herded with the *Scots*, was to ply them with eternal Alarms, that the Articles of the *Union* were broken ; that there was a certain Design to render *Scotland* a Province of *England* ; to deprive her of all her Trade ; to

turn

‘ turn out every *Scotchman*, who held a Place
 ‘ of Trust in the Church, State or Army :
 ‘ at last, they became bold enought to give
 ‘ out, that there was a Design to *Massacre*
 ‘ the *Scots* ; AND NOTHING IS MORE CER-
 ‘ TAIN, that an *Association* was propos’d to
 ‘ be entered into, by all the *Scots*, who were
 ‘ in, or about *London*, and who were com-
 ‘ puted to be about thirty Thousand, capable
 ‘ of bearing Arms.’

Now, Gentlemen, see here a Plot in all
 its Shapes and Colours ; and to render it
 thoroughly compleat, see how it is modishly
 larded, with a *Massacre* and an *Association*.
Oats was a puny, pigmy plot Painter, if
 compared to this masterly Pencil—See how
 modestly he puts the Inhabitants of the big-
 gest City in the World, in Mind of what,
nothing is more certain, than that Mr *Rose*’s
 whole Plot, *Massacre*, and *Association* was
 never heard or thought of in *London*, be-
 fore the Public was honoured with his late
 Lucubration.—Nay, hang not down your
 manly Head so ruefully, worthy Mr. *Rose*,
 I have thought of a Post for you, to which
 you seem perfectly equal ; and let me tell you,
 that I act here, widely different from *some*
others, who match Men and Employments,
 as unequally as Boobies with great Estates
 and rich Heiresses. But in your Case, your
 Talents are no less consulted, than your In-
 clination, and I am not sure that I have not
 tho’ fortuitously, consulted the Season too.

It is *whispered*, but I don't know that these Whispers are as yet *spoken out in Print*, like yours, that *Gentleman Harry* has been very lately encouraged, to stretch his shallow Invention for a Plot. Now, Sir, if I may advise you, 'tis to offer your Service, and if your *Betters* take my Advice, they will either employ some such prolific Brain as yours, or drop their Scheme of a Plot, for surely so infamous, profligate an Engine, as a transported *Thief*, can find no credit, even in *M——x*, or *S——y*.—Why might not a *G——t* employ a *Plot-Schemer*, as well as *Dechypherer* : and I see no reason why the *Former* may not be honoured with *Eminent Spiritual* or *Temporal* Preferment, as well as the *Latter*. Their Employments are equally arduous and laborious, may be equally useful, and no less replete with Piety and Charity. You see, *Mr. Rose*, I have not only fitted you with present Employ, but have pointed out the future Reward of your Zeal and Industry. Own that I am your Friend, nor ought you less to own that I am of a meek and forgiving Disposition ; after you had treated so unmercifully, so indecently, and so unjustly one I had patronized, you could not well have hoped, that I would be at the Pains of proclaiming, as I do, your *Merit*, and by so doing, recommend you to the *M——re*.

Earn. Before he enters upon his new employ of *Associate*, with *Gentleman Harry*,
let

let me advise him, to be more circumspect and congruous in his next plotting Essay. It would ill become a Schemer, for a M—y, to raise his Superstructure on *Absurdities*, and such, I beg leave to say, are all that Mr. Rose has built his London *Jacobite* Plot upon, of fourteen Months ago. ‘ In all
 ‘ those Practices says he, it was not enough,
 ‘ that the one Nation should be exasperated;
 ‘ the Work was but half done, if they did
 ‘ not meet half way; the Business was to
 ‘ abuse the *Scotch*, as well as the *English*,
 ‘ and the Cry being propagated, *the Ends*
 ‘ *of the Faction, were either way answered.*
 ‘ It was expected, that mutual Distrust
 ‘ would proceed to mutual Hatred, and
 ‘ then to mutual Dissention.—The *Jacobites*, it is admitted, are not famed for being as sagacious Plotters as *some others*, but they must be the most wretched of all Plotters, that could hope to restore the banished Family, by fomenting *Distrust, Hatred* and *Dissention*, between those who were to be instrumental in the Restoration. And upon Mr. Rose’s Plan of the Plot, this must have been the Scheme of the *Jacobites*, fourteen Months before he appeared in Print. Surely, the Perfections of such a Scheme as is here imputed to the *Jacobite* Party, would rather consist in conciliating, than fomenting national Prejudices. *The Ends of the Faction, by which I am to suppose he means the Jacobites, could never be answered by Distrust and Hatred.*

Jest. You forget that these M———
Gentry are paid for dealing in the Marvel-
lous, it being often the Interest of weak and
wicked M———rs, to draw off the At-
tention of the Public, from their own Con-
duct, which is never so efficaciously done,
as when the People are made believe some
strange Thing, that never was thought on,
and made to stare at pompous Words, with-
out Meaning or Sense. And if such big
founding Phrases, be embellish'd with *Greek*
or *Latin* Scraps, so much the better. Of the
first Case, is Mr. *Rose's* Plot, intended *Mas-*
sacre of the *Scots*, and *Association* at *London*;
and of the Latter, his *Imperium in Imperio*,
when he treats of the *Scotch Jurisdictions*.*

There is not in all the Defects of Civil Go-
vernment, a more gross Solæcism, than
what is called, *Imperium in Imperio*. — Ad-
mitted; but where the Duce, do you find
it in the *Scotch Jurisdictions*, which are all
subject to the Sovereign Courts of Judi-
cature?

Earn. Ignorant and prejudiced as the
Age is, you could not, Mr. *Rose*, methinks
suppose the Public would adopt your No-
tions, about *Imperium in Imperio*, as you
would apply them here, to the Jurisdictions
in *Scotland*; or if you did, you must have
had a far worse Opinion of the Public,
and a much better of yourself then either
deserves. † The 20th Article of the Union,
G you

* *Rose*, Page 38.

† *Ib. ib.*

Proportion of the Burthen of the War, undertaken and carried on for their Sakes principally. For tell you Truth, I fear this poor, jaded *Old England* of ours, will not be able to perform the Journey, if Part of her present Load be not shifted to some other Back.

Earn. Lord how your Clack goes—We were on the Subject of the *Scotch* Jurisdictions, and you fly to the *Dutch*.

Jest. For Relief in our Distress—and why not as they have to us lately, to save their *Mother-Land*? Be their Distress ever so great, sure I am, it can't exceed ours. For however sound and florid we seem, our honestest Physicians don't scruple saying we are in a galloping Consumption.—But as for your Subject of the *Scots* and their Jurisdictions, leave it to those whom it most concerns. It is under the Consideration of the *Terrestrial Omnipotence* at present, and e'en let it rest there; for say what you will, yet Reason and Justice will be ever on the Side of *Omnipotency*. So, let us change it to another Subject more within our Sphere, and which may be treated with no less safety to ourselves, and Emolument to these Gentlemen, who have agreed to leave the Decision of their Controversy to our Umpirage--*Imprimis*, you, Mr. *Aretine*, as you are first upon the Roll, you have a right to be first served. But cry Mercy, my venerable Colleague, it is your Province and your Right also, to pronounce

‘ you say, calls aloud for an Amendment ;
 ‘ for it establishes a Government within a
 ‘ Government, &c.’—This is meanly,
 and weakly begging the Question : wherein
 do the *Scotch* Jurisdictions, establish a Government, any more than our *English* Jurisdictions of *Counties-Palatine*, *Manors*, and other innumerable *Franchises* ? you must be an utter Stranger to the Laws and Constitutions of both Nations, if you don’t know that the Jurisdiction, Power and Privileges of *Counties-Palatine* are more extensive than those of the *Scotch* Justiciaries, or the Regalities belonging to the Subjects of *Scotland* ; and that those of the Lords of *English* Manors, are more eminent than those of the *Scotch* Barons.—But what needed so much Reasoning on a Point, which a M——y think proper to carry, for Strengthening their own Hands.—

Jest. And weakening those of the Community ? what need of spending so much Ink superfluously, when the Thing was previously resolved on, by the *Oeconomists* of the Nation ?

This. What need indeed, when the very Article of the Union which establishes these Jurisdictions, calls aloud for an Amendment.—

Jest. Just as much as the *Dutch* may be said to have called for a *Stadtholder*, before *Lewis XV.* made them a Compliment of his Aid, in promoting the Election. But a *Stadtholder* they have got, and long may he live to oblige his Countrymen, to bear a just Proportion

they might have expected, yet I must insist that he has been treated with Rigour, Cruelty, and Injustice. Wherefore, with the Advice and Consent of my worthy Colleague, who expects I should denounce against you, I hereby forbid you the Use of Pen, Ink, and Paper for ever, unless you make *Amende honorable*, within the Space of one Calendar Month from the Publication of these Presents, to the whole *Scotch* Nation in general, and to the injured *Scotch* Gentleman in particular, whom you have made the Subject of your Paymaster's low Wit and Malice: And I hereby further injoin you, as you would expect to find Credit with the Public, to name your *Employer*, or at least describe him so, as the World may know if he be attired in *Fur* or in *Lawn*.

And you, Mr. *Thistle*, tho' I have on some Occasions declared myself your Advocate, be it known, that I do not account you faultless. What need you have raked into the Ashes of the dead, when the living afforded you a Field large enough to exercise your Talents and Repentment in? Were not the present Generation of *Englishmen*, think you, vain, silly and wicked enough, without hunting after their Fathers, who, I dare say, would not now glory excessively in their own once boasted Conduct, had they been Witnesses of what we see daily practiced? You needed not have gone so far back as *Glenco*, when you had but a Step and a Slide to C—, C—, Y—, K— and 7—. What had you to do to the turning Champion for the beggarly *Irish*, who glo-

the *Admiral*. You are grave and deliberate, and besides, are an *Ancient Briton*, before whom I durst as well pretend to Rank or Precedency, as let a *F—* before an *Irishman*, scratch the Wrist before a *Scot*, or speak of Horse-stealing before a *Yorkshireman*.

Earn. And pray, my good, humble, loquacious Colleague, that make so free with others, which is your own Country, —

Jest. I am at present a Citizen of *London*, but my Country is the whole Globe, whose Inhabitants I look upon as my Countrymen, and have therefore, I think, a Right to my Benevolence. I wish well to the immediate Community I belong to, but my Good-will to it hurries me not on to condemn other Bodies of People, because I don't reside among them, or that, perhaps, their Ancestors had been at Enmity with mine. I abhor your narrow, contracted, groveling Minds, who would confine their Friendship and good Opinion to any one particular Country, People or Sect. This is too much the Case here in *England*, to the eternal Dishonour of its Natives, than whom no Nation in the World are more indebted to Foreigners, or imitate them more servilely. This being my Opinion, you are not to wonder, Mr. *Aretine*, that I condemn your general Charge against the *Scots*, and that which you had particularly brought against an *Individual* of that Nation, who, tho' of a *Name* obnoxious at present to most Men of Virtue, and perhaps not altogether so unblameable in his late *Conduct* towards his Countrymen as they

ry in their Chains and Poverty ? or why would you touch upon *Wrongs* done to the *Genoese* ; by whose Means our Imperial Ally runs the Risk of losing every Inch of Ground she has in *Italy* ? Truth is not to be told at all Times ; and some Truths ought not to be told at all, especially when Folks are in an ill Humour, and an ill Run of Luck. For your Inobservation, therefore, of Times and Seasons, and your too honest Bluntness in regard to Things and Persons, you are hereby condemned to write a Panegyrick on the *English* Nation whom you had satyrized.—Why, Man, you need not look so silly upon it ; 'tis but unsaying what you had said, or, like a Witch, saying your Prayers backwards.

This. Panegyrick, Mr. *Jest* ! O'ons ! who the D—— can pick up Matter for Panegyric, among a People that despise all Mankind but themselves, mind none but themselves, and see not a Span beyond the present ?

Jest. I could not have thought you so green a Novice at your Trade.—You an Author, and yet be an *Ignoramus* in the very first Principles of Writing, which, to be sure, is to please those to whom, or for whom you write. You wrote to the *English*, yet was stupid enough, I warrant, to think your Book would be encourag'd, tho' you treated them *de haut en bas*, from the first Page of it to the last. What Man was ever pleased to be called Rogue and Villain ; or Woman to be called W——e and B——d, whether meritoriously or not ?

As

As I see you are a mere Chick in the Scribbling Art, I will be at the Pains of giving you a few Hints that may help to exonerate yourself of the Task you are condemned to. For instance: The *English* are munificent, for they give Subsidies to most of the Princes on the Continent; they are rich, because they give immensely away, tho' they are excessively in Debt; and they are wise, because they expend their Treasure to so great Advantage; they are Soldiers, because the War by Land has been so well conducted; and they are Sailors, because their Naval Strength has been exerted to so good Purpose. They are generous, because they have *given* whatever was required of them at Home; and they are *well-bred* because they took whatever was *offered* to them by their Betters. They are religious, because they have more Religions among them than any People in *Europe*; and they are pious and Orthodox, because their present B--ps and Clergy are a meek, self-denying and pains-taking Generation. They are compassionate, because one saw nothing but weeping and gnashing of Teeth on some late melancholy *Occasions*; and they are charitable, because there was a late Attempt to bring over all the Beggars of *Europe*. They are hospitable, because they give Bread to all the Foreigners that come among them, tho' they can't give them a good Word; and they are polite, because they confer Obligations without being ask'd, witness the two wholesome *Bills* at this Time passing
in

in ~~P~~ — — — — —, which the *Scotch* never dream'd
of petitioning for. In short, the *English* are
every thing a *Scot* would wish in Neighbours;
and so, *Master Thistle*, set about the Work
instantly, and call it the *Plad*, because of the
necessary Variety of its Coloursing. And now,
pour la bonne bouche, Mr. *Rose*, you fall last
under our Consideration. And to tell you
Truth, a Thing which you seem little ac-
quainted with, I don't well know how to dis-
pose of you. You would pass for a Friend to
the Government; yet your *Jacobite* cloven
Feet appear every now and then as the Wind
of your Fancy blows out the Skirts of your
Gown. You would pass for one of Taste
and Politeness, yet speak such Language as
would put the *C—r—M—* Orator himself
to the Blush. You would pass for a Patriot,
yet appear a Pensioner in every Line of your
Work; and would pass for unprejudiced, yet
are rather ranker in your Invectives against the
Scots than even *Arctine*, whose Poison carries
its own Antidote with it. You deserve to be
punish'd, and severely too; but how, or in
what Manner or Degree, is the Doubt with
me at present. — Mr. *Earnest*, what do you say?

Earn. Let him write another *Rose*, equally
dull, indecent and untrue.

Jest. Be it so, because such Readers as shall
be inclined to countenance the Scribbler, will
be punished as well as he.

